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Wasp Boy

[horror](#) [wasps](#) [insects](#)

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Chapter 1 by Queorio Cheerio

Wasp boy stings me in the stomach:

Spiders gnaw on my toes.

Moths shadow my eyes - their larvae bury into my pupils.

Flies swarm to me like I'm their Queen;

His impregnation was my coronation.

He made me Nature itself.

Maggots come pouring out of my mouth
as if I have something to say.

Chapter 2 by Erika A



A God of sorts,

For everything that is vile.

The crude reality of nature,

where death and disparity lingers-

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A hellish man of sorts

Who makes no bones about it

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Keep a biome of insects

Wasps
Moths
Spiders
and Flies
To watch day-to-day

I lay rotting upon his bed.
Left unpaid for
But left in more ways enriched.

The maggots cleanse my soul,
the spiders spin their truths,
And the wasps impregnates me
with remedies
And again,
I am born.

Chapter 4 by Queen of Words



The explosion rocks the world,
Insects,
Arachnids,
Burst out of every corner

Awaiting
My call
They will kill anyone
Who stands in my way

Streets are overrun,
Chaos runs the Universe

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Of The Bugs

Chapter 5 by KatMagic

Mere dots scream in agony
As my offspring swarm over them
Ears
Mouths
Noses
Eyes
Insects swarm into each
Turning all the dots into nothing
All of the world starts to decay
Under my strangling grasp
Even the quietest of trees scream for mercy
Even the loudest of oceans fall into silence
Even the prettiest of flowers die and turn to dust
The world is mine
And always be

Chapter 6 by KatMagic

Whatever wishes to evade
My Sight
They explode in an orchestra of gore
The dots scattered around me try to flee
Screaming, begging,
for their pitiful existence
Swarms of insects surround

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The green is gone
And
The world is decaying

Chapter 7 by Alexandria-Florizel Frias

Yet I still live
The world of trash
I hated this yet why do I keep living?
All I see was screams and sadness
I don't care anymore...
I have gotten used to it
Foolish who I was, as I thought to be the king
Forgotten about the others and I am still a small bug
It looks like I'm not the king for those who thought they fear
So...

What was my purpose to be here?

Chapter 8 by Shasta

My purpose is
to show the others
that a commoner
can be a king

that the crown
is not determined
by blood, nor line,
nor marriage;
but heart

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my dying
breath

the end

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